For why I wyll the ſaye
Moche folke of that countre
Cometh heder for ſocoure to me
Bothe by nyghte and by daye
There is a gyaunte of grete renowne
He deſtroyeth bothe cyte and towne
And all that he may
As bokes of rome tell
He was goten with the deuyll of hell
As his moder ſleppynge lay
The kynge ſayde by ſaynt Adryan
I rede a nother gentylman
Be there and haue the degre
I haue a doughter that me is dere
Thou ſhalte wedde her to thy fere
And yf it thy wyll be
Two duchyes in honde
I wyll gyue her in londe
Gramercy ſyr ſayd he
With my tonge I haue ſo wrought
To breke my day wyll I nought
Nedes me behoueth there to be
On goddes name the kynge gan ſayne
Iheſu brynge the ſaffe a gayne
Lorde moche of myght
Mynſtralſy was them a monge
With harpe fedyll and ſonge
Delycyous notes on hyghe
Whan it was tyme to bed they wente
And on the morowe roſe Torente.
And toke leue of kynge and knyght
And toke a redy way

And the good ſquyres after
That knyghtes ſholde be
As they were in wyddes the
The kynge wolde not forgete
To Torente than ſayd he
He ſayd ſo god me ſaue
Fayne thou woldeſt my doug
Thou haſt loued her many a
Ye by my trouthe ſayd Torente
And I were a ryche man
Ryght gladly by my faye
If thou durſt for her ſake
A poynte of armes undertake
Thou wynne her vp for ay
Ye ſayde he or I go
Sykernes thou make me ſo
Of thy doughter hende
Ye and after all my ryghtes
By .vii: ſcore of hardy knyghte
All they were Torentes frende
Now good lordes I you praye
Bere wytnes of this day
Agayne yf god me ſende
Torente ſayd ſo may I the
Wyſt I where my Iorney ſhol
Thyder I wolde me dyghte
The kynge gaue hym an anſw
In the londe of Calabre
There wonneth a gyaunte wy
Slogus he hyght as I the tol
God ſende the that wayes ryght
Torente

not longe agone
his name by fame ſprede
te no we deſtytute alone
s alas lyeth dede

ter we wretchyd creatures
es and tryumphaunt maieſtye
paſtymes and pleaſures
houten remedye
wyll the myſerable bodye
heuy lede
de but vanyte and all vanytye
alas alas lyeth dede

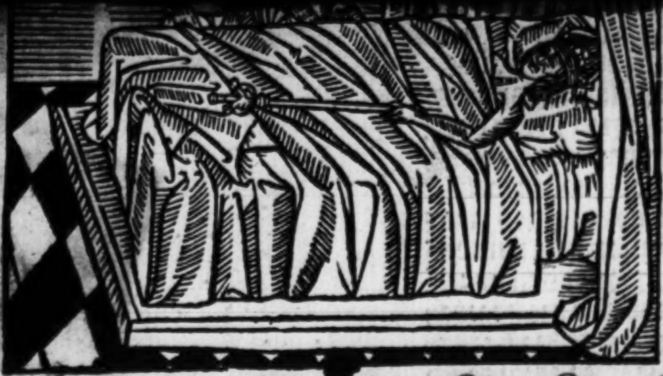
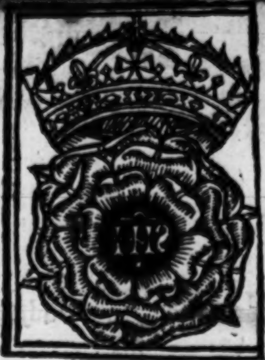
is ſubgectes & make lamentacyon:
noble a gouernoure
ayers make we exclamacyon
e to his ſupernall toure
ly roſe floure
ally all aboute ſpred
ated where is his power
as alas lyeth dede

His ſone on lyue in beaute force and luſt
In honour lykely traianus to ſhede
Wherfore in hym put we our hope and truſt
Syth henry his fader alas alas lyeth dede.

And now we for concluſyon aboute his herſe
Let this be grauyd for endeles memorye
With ſorowfull tunes of Theſyphenes verſe
Here lyeth the puyſſaunt and myghty henry
Hector in batayll/Ulyxes in polecy
Salamon in wyſdome the noble roſe rede
Creſes in rycheſſe Julyus in glory
Henry the ſeuenth ingraued here lyeth dede

Qu? the author of this Elegy?
Perh. Skelton, tho' not in his works.

This ½ sheet, fol. on one side & 4to on the other,
must have been a Proof at the Press

lde all wrapped in wretchydnes
y pompes ſo gay & gloryous
aſures/ and all thy ryches
y be but tranſytoryous
o moche pyteous
e that eche man whylom dred
y naturall lyne and cours
s alas lyeth dede

ryall a kynge
aner the prudent ſalamon
ſſe and in euery thynge
o cryſten regyon
not longe agone
is name by fame ſprede

Of this mooſt cryſten kynge in vs it lyeth not
His tyme paſſed honour ſuffycyent to prayſe
But yet though that/that thyng envalue we may no
Our prayers of ſuertye he ſhall haue alwayes
And though that atropoſe hathe ended his dayes
His name and fame ſhall euer be dred
As fer as phebus ſpredes his golden rayes
Though henry the ſeuenth alas alas lyeth dede

But nowe what remedye he is vncouerable
Touchyd by the handes of god that is mooſt Juſt
But yet agayne a cauſe mooſt confortable
We haue/wherin/of ryght reioys we muſt
His ſone on lyue in beaute force and luſt
In honour lykely traianus to ſhede